

"What fools these Mortals be!"
MIDSUMMER-NIGHTS DREAM.

Suck

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JOE HAWLEY, Manager.

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BUSINESS-MANAGER - - - - A. SCHWARZMANN
EDITOR - - - - - H. C. BUNNER

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Advertisements or changes of Advertisements on 12th, 13th and 14th pages of PUCK must be handed in on Wednesday before 3 P. M.
Forms of the 15th page are closed Friday at noon.

AN INTERESTING VOLUME.

PUCK'S CAMPAIGN SERIES.

Those desiring to obtain the CAMPAIGN SERIES OF PUCK, (from April 16th to November 19th, 32 copies, including the famous "tattooed man" cartoons,) which covers one of the most notable and interesting political contests that has occurred in years, can procure same at this office, price \$2.50, or any desired copy at 10 cents. PUCK'S CAMPAIGN SERIES, handsomely bound in cloth, \$3.75. By mail, \$4.25.

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CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

President-elect Cleveland ought to love all Republicans. The Independent Republicans elected him, and now the Blaine Republicans are doing their very best to justify the action of the Independents. Even the most indifferent citizen must be convinced by this time that the Republican party will profit by retirement, if retirement leads to reorganization. Its leaders have devoted their leisure, since the election, to displaying before the world the extreme fatuity of their ideas and their methods. A party so hopelessly demoralized in defeat could surely not have been fit to govern.

When we say "demoralized," we use the word in its correct sense, and not as it is generally used, in the sense of "disorganized" or "broken up." The party is demoralized; the moral strength is gone out of it; it is spiritually unhealthy. The will of the people has put it out of power; the vote of the country having gone against it on an issue of its own making. Its duty is clear—to accept the situation with dignity and self-respect. But this appears to be the last thing considered in the counsels of its leaders. They are full of a contemptible and foolish resentment, and they are not ashamed to show it. They make no secret of their childish desire to "get even" with all those who in any way contributed to their defeat. Nothing is too mean to do that may annoy, embarrass or insult a Democrat or an Independent. Retaliation is the business of the hour.

The stupidity of all this is simply beautiful to contemplate. We have never looked upon the Democratic party as the incarnation of po-

litical wisdom; but when was the Democratic party so foolish as this? Suppose that after Hancock's defeat the managers on the losing side had solemnly gone to work to "read out of the party" every protectionist Democrat who was scared into voting for Garfield by General Hancock's ill-advised tariff letter. Suppose that they had announced their intention of putting outside the party lines every man who dared to hold an opinion of his own as to the fitness or unfitness of a candidate. Suppose they had been guilty of any similar idiocy. Would Cleveland have been elected in 1884?

He would not have been elected. And the Republican leaders are now taking a course certain to bring them to a second defeat in 1888. They are reducing their party to a faction. On the first of June, 1884, it was the Republican party. To-day it is, as far as they can make it so, the Blaine party. It has no principles, no convictions, no ambitions, no aspirations, no hopes, no aims, outside of what is expressed in this one article of faith, to which every true Republican is expected to subscribe: "When Steve Elkins and S. W. Dorsey and Powell Clayton and William Walter Phelps tell you to vote for James G. Blaine you must do it." A pretty platform for a party that a generation ago lived only to serve the country in the spirit of the loftiest, purest and most unselfish patriotism!

The quiet, respectable Republican must feel to-day much as did the Parisians in the latter days of the French Revolution, when everybody was trying to out-citizen everybody else. He may have thought, at one time, that his duty was done and his party standing assured when he cast his vote for the party candidate and paid the party assessment. But now he finds not only that he has got to be an out-and-out blainiac, but that if his neighbor be a little blainiacer than he, that neighbor will probably call him a traitor and a mugwump. And a quiet, respectable man must feel many temptations to take a mugwump's privileges when he sees his party leaders disgracing themselves in blainiac cabals in Washington and insulting the country as they have just insulted it with the silly, useless contention which came to an end last week in the United States Senate.

We have never seen O'Donovan Rossa's face among the merchant-princes pictured in the

Sunday World; but he certainly ought to be admitted to that gallery, as a capitalist, at least. Mr. Rossa does one of the most thriving businesses in New York. His enterprise and his energy are world-famous. No man gets more newspaper advertising; and no man pays less for it. His business is conducted on an economical scheme. His expenses are practically confined to office rent and the purchase of a few "property" bombs and infernal machines. His receipts are practically unlimited, while the warm heart of Ireland beats and the calm, cool, logical head of Ireland continues to hate the Saxon oppressor and to invent schemes for dodging the payment of rent.

But Mr. Rossa should be warned that his recent addition of a butchery branch to his business is an injudicious move. Dynamite bombs and Waterbury clock-work look well in an office, draw contributions, and do no mischief. But if he begins the real and earnest slaughter of traitors, he will soon find himself obliged to kill a genuine Saxon oppressor, or see the contribution flood abate. Let him beware how he introduces an innovation into his business and undertakes to give a return for what he gets.

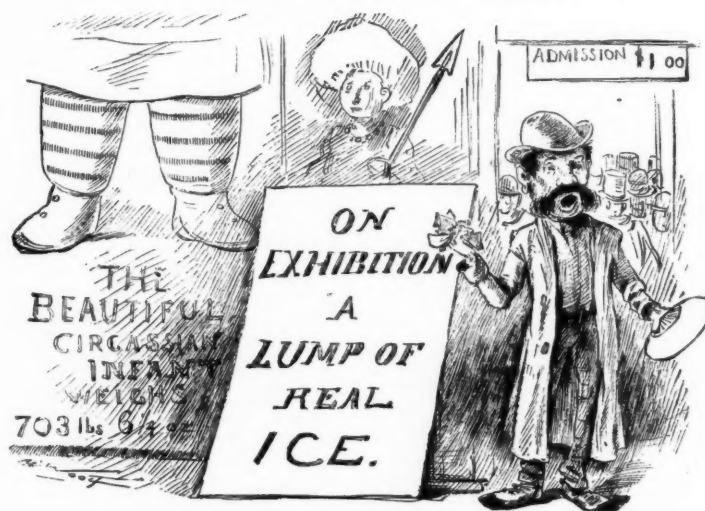
PUCK'S ANNUAL is out, and getting in its good work all over the country. It is about the liveliest annual yet issued by PUCK, and contains over one hundred and twenty-five illustrations, besides a great number of articles and poems that cannot fail to have the desired effect. There is a calendar which shows how the different tradesmen are related to the different months, and besides this there is a "Patent Poetical Birthday Book," PUCK believing himself as much entitled to one as anyone else.

Just take the book up and look at it once. If you are a bull, you will feel friendly to the bear. If you are a house-owner, you will excuse the plumber for charging you fifty dollars for a retainer. If you are a poet, you will feel kindly toward the editor who sent back your ten poems with a printed note yesterday. If you are an ice-man, you will give your enemy true weight.

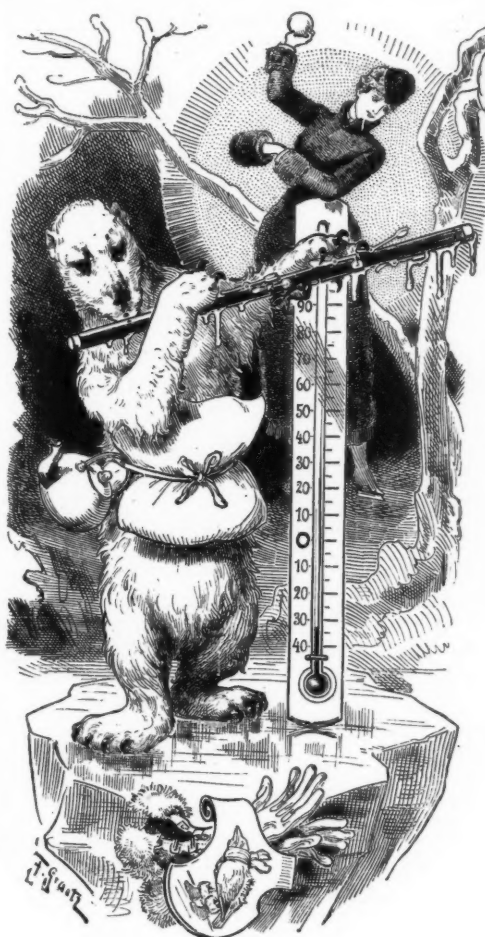
Besides this, the book tells you how to select trousers that won't bag at the knee, how to pick out a cutaway coat that won't shine like patent-leather inside of ten minutes after being donned. It tells you how to fall on roller-skates without hitting the floor and ceiling at the same time, and wakes you up in the morning in time to catch your regular train. It keeps the water from freezing in your pitcher, and blows the cook up for sleeping late and forgetting to put the milk-pail out the night before. It informs you when your coupons are due; it keeps the clock from going too slow, and is a first-rate balm for a lacerated heart, or a thumb mashed out of shape in the door. It is a splendid substitute for tobacco; it gives you more pleasant visions than hasheesh, and tells you how to break anything, from a matrimonial engagement to a hunting-dog.

Price, twenty-five cents.

THE UNSEASONABLE SEASON.



A POSSIBILITY IF THE PRESENT OPEN WINTER CONTINUES.



Cold Weather Wanted.

A PROTEST AGAINST A CHEAP AND DEGENERATE SEASON.

Where are the Winters of my happy childhood,
Seasons of glassy ice and pelting snow-storms,
Times when the old thermometer would often
Bust at the bottom?

Where are the healthy, wholesome, happy chilblains,
Where are the rubber boots and stiff tornados,
Where are the snowfalls ten feet on a level,
What is the matter?

This new-style Winter is n't half a Winter—
One energetic, plain, old-fashioned April
Showed up more weather than we get at present
All through the season.

Gimme the girl who, on her skates light-balanced,
Heaved the soft snow-ball, heaved it overhanded,
Heaved at your head and hit another fellow
Clear round the corner.

Gimme the boy who packed of snow a handful
Right down my back, along my spine to drizzle,
Gimme the chance I used to have to lick him
Out of his gaiters.

Gimme a rattling, male, old-timer Winter,
This open season is n't satisfying,
I am a Man, I have no use for Winters
Made for the dudelets.

CHILLS FRANCIS ADAMS.

Puckerings.



UT through the
Western country
I march with
Murphy's show.
And nightly unto
thousands
Upon my trum-
pet blow.

Around my lively
ankles
I wear a pair of cuffs,
And in my trousers-pocket
My swallow-tail I stuffs.

Sometimes a salted codfish
I wear upon my breast,
Held by my porous-plaster,
To simulate a vest.

I play on cans and stove-pipes,
And make an awful noise,
And in my number fifteens
Dance to amuse the boys.

Sometimes with great commotion
They howl at me and cheer;
Sometimes the Shanghai berry
Pastes me upon the ear.

And I am very wealthy—
Of gold I'm never shorn;
I act my favorite motto,
And always blow my horn.

A SEDENTARY PURSUIT? Why, we don't know
what it is. You might apply to a messenger-
boy for information.

"How to avoid cutting a warm short-cake is
a difficult question," says an exchange. The
simplest way is to put the cake away until it
gets cold.

NEARLY ONE-HALF of the translators of the
new version of the Old Testament have died
since the work was begun. The new version is
even deadlier than the old.

A DETROIT PAPER tells of a Minnesota Indian
being found in a bath-tub. We suggest that
our contemporary send his information to Wash-
ington. The government pensions original dis-
coveries.

AN ARTICLE in a New England paper is head-
ed "How to Reach Young Men." The fathers
of several marriageable daughters in this city
have adopted the plan of reaching them with
their boots.

IT is said that Hamlet was only twenty years
of age at the time of Shakspeare. That would
make him about three hundred years old. Now
we understand why Anna Dickinson wants to
play that character.

THE HARLEM young man who heard that Mr.
Corcoran is so healthy because he never eats
anything not prepared by his own cook has
died from dyspepsia in less than three months.
His wife was his cook.

A YOUNG COLLEGE graduate on his travels
wrote home recently that he "intended to make
New York on the fifteenth." It is to be hoped
that he will do the job better than the man who
originally made the city.

"HEART DISEASE takes a man worth ten mil-
lions," are the head-lines in a Buffalo paper.
We never have heard a woman called that be-
fore; but it isn't an inappropriate name, when
you stop to think about it.

AN OUTRAGED INDUSTRY.

Two weeks ago we printed a cartoon in
which a stick of candy was somewhat conspic-
uous. This stick of candy was labeled with
the names of its ingredients. The ingredients
were of an unwholesome sort, for the stick of
candy was of the kind that is sold to our chil-
dren in this great and enlightened city. And
one of the ingredients on our list was Glucose.

That brought out the gentleman from the
glucose district. He called upon us and ex-
plained that his glucose was not the oilymar-
garine of sugar, but a respectable and healthful
product. He brought with him a report of the
National Academy of Sciences, which gave
glucose an excellent character. He further-
more requested us to publish the report. When
we print the New York Directory and the *Congressional Record* by way of a supplement to
Puck, we shall take pleasure in complying with
his request. At present, the pressure on our
columns is too great.

However, we are willing to accept the dictum
of the National Academy of Sciences. If the
National Academy of Sciences thinks that glu-
cose is all right, all right it is. Glucose is made
from starch, and starch is a harmless and in-
offensive article. We have known men to wear
it next to their breasts until it utterly disap-
peared; and they never seemed to suffer from it.

But the gentleman from the glucose district,
instead of stopping right there, and leaving us
under the impression that glucose was a much
maligned manufacture, proceeded to spoil his
whole effect by leaving a bottle of glucose and
a hunk of corn-sugar for us to sample.

We will admit that he got even with us in
this way—if he was angry with us he got in his
fine work of deadly revenge; but he didn't
succeed in popularizing glucose in this office.

We tried the corn-sugar first on the Goat
Editor, and he said it tasted like stale cocoanut-
pie. Well, it did. But when the Society

Editor got hold of it, he said it suggested to
him a combination of a clay pipe and a stick
of chewing-gum. And we all realized the force
of his characterization. When the Assyrian
Pup took an incautious bite of it, he looked as
though he thought it tasted like tallow-candles.
If that was his idea, he was probably dead
right.

We tried the glucose on the gentlemen of
the artistic staff. We told them it was a new
form of semi-solidified and scentless gin, and
they eagerly grasped at it. Those who cared
to converse upon the subject afterward said that
they did not hanker after vaseline as a regular
diet.

These are the results of the experiments in
glucose-eating conducted by PUCK's Academy
of Sciences. The experiments will not be re-
newed. We have some glucose left. It is prob-
ably healthful; to some it may be a delicacy.
But it is improbable that any members of the
Puck staff will ever become victims to the glu-
cose habit.

WHAT SHALL you name the baby, Ethelrida?
Ah, that's what's troubling you, is it, dear?
You don't know whether to call him Jabez, af-
ter his rich old uncle, or whether to dower him
with something in the Clarence or Eustace or
Ronald line, eh? Well, now, dear child, don't
fret about it. You may sit down with a cata-
logue of the Blankside Library and pick out the
most lady-like name that the novel-readers ever
reveled in; but it won't help him out much.
For just as soon as that dear little auburn head
gets high enough from the ground to go to
school and be punched by its fellow-boy, that
name question will be settled by a unanimous
vote of the whole educational establishment,
and he may be Sydney Fitzherbert Marmaduke
right up to the handle, but he will go through
his boyhood as "Carrots" or "Red-top" or
"Strawberry Pete," and he will have to settle
down to liking it, too, Ethelrida.

THE INVISIBLES.

A FRAGMENT OF AN OLD ROMAN DRAMA.

Dramatis Personæ:

DUNVANNUS ROSUS }
 PATRICIUS FELIX } Conspirators.
 PHILANUS }
 FINNEGANUS, a Tavern-Keeper.
 Mob, etc.

SCENE: Eboracius. TIME: A. D. 5.

SCENE I.

(*The adytum of a building.—Enter DUNVANNUS and PATRICIUS.*)

DUNVANNUS.—The times are very bad. You know the Gothic churl who potheen vends a stadium hence foreinst the river? He did refuse to furnish me the matin cocktail, although my tongue and throat were hot and furry as a tropic bear.

PATRICIUS.—The scurvy chump! But we'll get even with him!

DUNVANNUS.—Get even? Aye, by our great god, Jabers, 'tis done already. I ascertained he had no policy upon his chattels, and so engaged a Celtic tramp to spill petroleum in his hall-way. The varlet lives upon the floor above with all his brats and kindred. This very night, when all the world's asleep, we'll smoke them out like vermin. But what is new with thee?

PATRICIUS.—The gods are good. The morn hath brought us many contributions. The prospect that we glibly put of speedy freedom from Britannic rule hath much enthused our people. An hour ago an ancient dame did give me fourteen talents. It was not much; but then 'twas all the aged hag possessed. She mumbled when she gave it that it was the savings of her life-time. The Grecian fire exploded yesterday has nobly paid us. And, by-the-way, I laughed right royal when I heard this morn that the two women killed were my own sisters. Yet 'twas but just. What right had they to sell their labor to the race that we abominate? How fared it with the new Cunard trireme?

DUNVANNUS.—Sublimely, fellow-hero! The vessel foundered twenty miles from shore, and all but two did perish. How our tyrants quaked when first they heard the tidings! The happy outcome of our deep design has cost them twenty subjects and the price of vessel and of cargo. I trow me that a million pounds have thus gone unto Hades.

PATRICIUS.—But twenty lost? 'Tis passing strange; I hoped the loss was greater.

DUNVANNUS.—It was. There were on board a thousand emigrants from Cork; but these were chiefly women, children and assisted men that we should never reckon. How does the treasury stand this morn?

PATRICIUS.—The balance after our last debauch was seven sesterces. The morning contribution doth amount to sixty talents and some copper coin. We'll divvy even. Here are Xs three for each of us. Now let us go and slake the thirst that burns within me like Vesuvius.

(*Exeunt Arcades ambo.*)

SCENE II.

(*The Cavern of Finneganus.—While FINNEGANUS is filling some bottles, enter DUNVANNUS, PATRICIUS and the MOB.*)

FINNEGANUS.—Hail, worthy masters! Though the day is cold, I trust you are not left. What would ye all with me?

DUNVANNUS.—Thy noblest flask. Fair Fortune smiles, and I would set them up for all the boys. 'Tis seldom, heeled, that we whoop 'em up; so, therefore, fire and then fall back. (Mob cheers and drinks.) There is, dear countrymen, a weight upon my heart of hearts. We have, alas, a traitor in our inmost camp, a spy, a damned villain. Thrice for his price in Britain's gold hath he exposed our secrets. He hath betrayed his sacred trust. And twice this

month my plans miscarried through his treachery. In one of these I did attempt to burn a large asylum in the heart of London's town. A thousand Saxon kids, dear friends, were fitting sacrifice unto our name and glory. And the black usurper would have forthwith freed us from our chains. Lost, lost, all lost by basest perfidy. What shall not be done to him who hath betrayed us? What shall be his fate?

MOB.—The wretch must die. Who is he? Lead us on that we may murder him!

DUNVANNUS.—The dark and brawny fardown from bleak Connaught. His name, Philanus.

MOB.—Not the man who fought like Tartarus throughout the Southern wars?

DUNVANNUS.—The very same.

MOB.—We'll nothing have to do with him. He's more than equal unto five of us. He bears a charmed life, fights like a tiger, and doth go well heeled. Moreover, in a moment he would have the cops upon us, and e'er since the late election all the judges show no mercy to our gang. (Mob drinks again and retires, muttering, to rear of stage.)

DUNVANNUS.—The skulking coward brutes! Were I a man of blood and not a man of brains, a natural leader, I would show the stuff to them of which a hero's made! (About to retire in disgust.)

PATRICIUS.—Thou art, Dunvannus, not thyself this morn, and know'st not how to handle them. Leave them and it to me. There is a fellow there who, when half drunk, would cut his father's throat or rob his mother. I'll fill him with the budge till he is chuck-a-block, full to the muzzle. Then I'll bring him to the sanctum. Meanwhile, when thou returnest, send for Philanus; keep him in converse, and, if 'tis possible, supply his liquid wants. Be certain, though, that as he sits his back shall be toward the door. Yet why, Dunvannus, dost put up this job? It's past my comprehension.

DUNVANNUS.—Dost tumble not? This man Philanus knows too much, and then has made a larger following than you and I together. We're lost in either case, our occupation gone. Besides, he carries 'neath his inner robe a most stupendous boodle.

PATRICIUS.—Ye gods, I do catch on. This man is more than mortal, and, in short, doth take the cake.

SCENE III.

(*Same as in Scene I.—DUNVANNUS and PHILANUS.*)

PHILANUS.—Well said (hic), boy. I (hic) have drunk too much of (hic) thy liquor. Didst thou like my work?

DUNVANNUS.—Not like, but worship is the word. I did admire and worship thee. Thou art the truest man we have in freedom's cause.

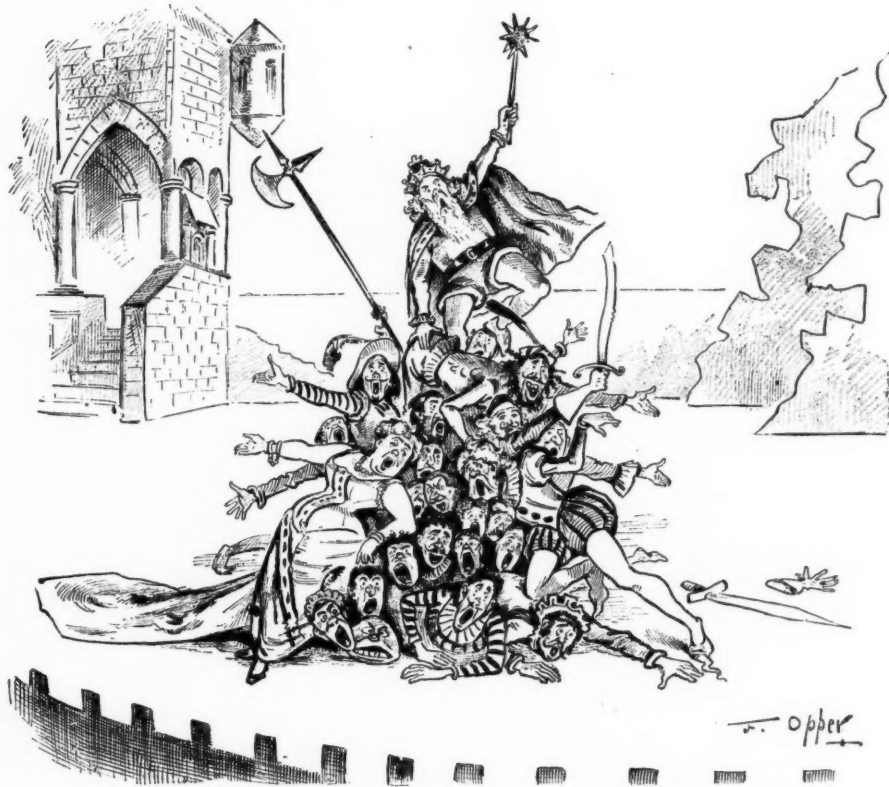
(PHILANUS falls, in a drunken stupor, on the table. Enter PATRICIUS and drunken heeler to slow music.) Thou art the man. Strike, varlet, strike! (Drunken heeler buries knife in PHILANUS'S back.) What hast thou done, damned murderer? Fly, escape; I hear the minions of the law upon the stairs. (Opens door, seizes drunken heeler and pushes him down the stairs; returns.) All's well, Patricius. How the Fates are kind to us in all our ventures! He, our foe, is now no more. And the poor fool who did for us the deed is now seized by the prætors. We will next appear before the learned Court, and either say it was a drunken brawl in which Philanus was aggressor, or else will prove a perfect alibi. At this great hour, this hour which makes or doth unmake the world, we both are feasting in a friendly house within another town. I've fixed the job! Take out the boodle; for a living man hath greater need of money than a corpse.

(*Exeunt.*)

W. E. S. F.

THE CUSSÈDNESS OF ACOUSTICS.

It has just been discovered that there is one spot on the stage of the Metropolitan Opera House from which the voice can be heard distinctly in every part of the auditorium.



HOW THE OPERA WILL PROBABLY BE GIVEN, AS SOON AS THE SINGERS FIND OUT THIS FACT.

THE SOFA-CUSHION OF DESTINY.



The Friend of her Soul had given it to her as a present; but it certainly was a hideous thing, in the way of sofa-cushions, and she sent it to the Bazaar for Women's Work, to be sold for the benefit of the Home for Indigent Gentlewomen.



And that's just where her husband bought it; and he brought it to her with great pride and joy, thinking he had hit on just the thing for her new lounge.



And then, being an impulsive young woman, she let her angry passions rise, and she seized the horrid thing and hurled it through the open window, and told her husband that he was Just Like A Man.



And for once, just to break the record, the Policeman was on hand, and he rescued the Hideous Object and brought it back, and indulged himself in the proud consciousness of Duty Performed.



And then, in cold desperation, she sent for One of the Tribe of Levi, and she sold it to him for a great price. She would have paid him to take it away; but she could n't resist the chance of Getting Away with an Innocent Hebrew.



And the very next day the Friend of her Soul came in and said gleefully: "O Ethel Dear! What luck, Don't You know! I've just picked it up in a *bric-a-brac* store—the mate to that sofa-cushion I gave you last week. Where's the other one, Love? I want to see how they match!"

BARN-YARD FABLES.

THE AMBITIOUS ROOSTER.

There was a young and ambitious rooster on Silas Groot's farm named Dan who was desirous of being thought a genius. He was dissatisfied with the ordinary pursuits in which other roosters gain eminence, and he was continually striving for the unattainable. He cared nothing about crowing, and his cock-a-doodle-doo was the worst on the farm through want of practice. He disdained to cackle for an egg, and he refused to hunt worms for the hens. The result was that instead of being one of the brightest ornaments of the farm, Dan was considered the meanest, stupidest, and most useless chicken on the farm. He was shunned by all the fowls; but he was not discouraged, and, as he wandered around alone, he plotted to make himself famous.

One day his eye was attracted by the glaring posters of the Great American Circus, and he passed some time in admiring the brilliantly-colored pictures. He said to himself:

"These dashes of gold and red and purple are very like the colors of my comb, my wings, and my flowing tail. It looks as though I was meant for a circus."

Then he studied the picture of a monkey riding on a bare-back horse, and the idea occurred to him that he might do likewise. He said:

"It would be entirely novel. And I could not hurt myself by falling, as I could use my wings."

Then he hurried to a distant part of the farm, and flew upon the back of a red heifer. The heifer was frightened and ran, but the ambitious rooster clung on with beak and claws, and flapped his wings to keep his balance.

He practised this sport for several days, and when the heifers were slow he dug them with his spurs to make them hurry.

He soon learned to balance himself cleverly, and even to stand on one leg with his wings extended.

He thereupon announced to the astonished fowls that he would give a circus entertainment on Sunday afternoon.

There was a great gathering of all the chickens, turkeys, ducks, and many came from the neighboring farms. The ambitious rooster appeared, and, swelling his breast, announced that he would now perform his great bare-back feat.

A chicken-hawk that had been attracted by the unusual gathering watched the proceedings from a neighboring tree with much interest. Dan flew to the back of the heifer, and the heifer started on a run. Dan spread his wings and stood on one claw, amid a cackle of applause.

Just at that moment the hawk swooped down and, grasping the circus-rider, bore him away, shrieking, to the woods.

MORAL.—In neglecting the path of duty we court disaster and possible ruin.

W. R. BENJAMIN.

A YOUNG LADY of Chicago, when recently asked to sing at a party, took a dose of poison to avoid the performance. When she recovers the company propose to present her with a handsome sum of money. Such examples should be encouraged.

"I GETS SULKY WHEN I'M SPOKE TO," is the title of a recent sketch by the Rev. Geo. F. Pentecost. When a fellow gets off such wit as that it tires us.

MUSCULAR CHRISTIANITY.

Duncan C. Ross, the Scotch all-round athlete and champion wrestler, has lately signified his intention of quitting his old business forever and taking to the pulpit.

We respectfully submit to him the following hint for a cheap and effective sermon:

"Oh, ma friends, hoot, what a hip-lock you can get on the De'il if you only put your heart in it! In this struggle of life the evil one may cross-buttock us, and almost get three points on the floor; but we must stiffen our backs and get the Gospel lock on him, and down him when the betting is five to one against us. Never mind whether you pu' the jacket off him or not. Ramfeeze him and thraw him over your head, and land him so far on the other side of Jordan that the saints may get hold of him and convert him.

"The Gospel platform is square, and you don't have to wear rosin on your shoes to insure a firm foothold. Hech, ma bairnies, I wad fain eat the haggis o' salvation wi' ye. I, who have dealt in the rum of iniquity, wad fain deal out to ye the jasper cup o' joy, which ye can ha' for the bar-check o' conversion.

"The challenge is always open. The De'il's forfeit is always up. Are ye not ready to buck against it with the scads of Faith? Rattle them doon, mon, rattle them doon on the porphyry table of conviction.

"Wha's that jibing under the gallery? Wait till I come down and knock Gospel sense into him, or I'll thraw him out of the parish."

Rejected articles here meet one common doom: They're gently wafted up the everlasting flume.

REMINISCENCES OF ROLLER-SKATING.

I am a roller-skater now. After many severe knocks on hard-wood floors; many tearful experiences in trying to embrace everybody at once; much wasted profanity and oceans of prodigal apologies; several free-fights, one riot, and a small insurrection, I have, with my usual persistency, come out on top, and now sail about on one foot, with the other leg curled snugly around my neck after the fashion of the professors of the art; or careen gracefully from side to side, tripping up the ambitious learners as I was tripped.

It is a very fascinating thing, this roller-skating, and now that I have learned it, I do not regret the bruises and wallopings I received; but I thought at one time during the fight—when I was reeling in mid-air, grasping everything in reach, before crashing to earth—that the remuneration did not equal the outlay, and that the idea of me becoming an ordinary skater was a delusion and an impossibility.

To begin with, I was terrified beyond expression at the misfortunes, described to me, of the amateur skaters who suffered for eminence at the rink; and I firmly believed that if I tried it on I would be carried home in an ambulance, and there undergo excruciating tortures until death would come to my relief. With such ideas as these in my brain I bought an admission-ticket, and received a pair of the life-wrecking little trucks.

I put them on, wrong side out, and stood watching the whirling throng before trying my hand—or my feet and hand. Selecting a fast skater for a model, I watched him until I thought I understood perfectly how it was done, and then I gazed on an amateur for a time, and resolved to profit by his experience.

I resolved not to swing my arms about like the Quixotic wind-mill; not to grab wildly for everybody and everything within reach; not to bend over as if in the last throes of a terrific colic; and not to beat the floor with my head or such portions of my person as were handy. With these resolutions I waded to the gate, and with my ankles beginning to weaken under me, grasped the railing and gave myself a mighty shove, striking out into the throng of fast-moving humanity. I do not know how it was, but as I wriggled along with everybody whizzing past me like a streak, something hit me a terrific thump from behind; I received a fast-mail impetus at the same instant, which took my breath away, and I was whirled along on one foot, reaching out for somebody, anybody, to avert a catastrophe.

I could not avoid it, though, and after one awful second of suspense, I flopped down, and somebody, tripping over my prostrate form, went bodily over me and landed with a thump up against the wall. When I got my breath, I said:

"Beg your pardon, sir, but will you be so kind as to inform me if that thing that caved in my spinal-column just then was a comet or an eight-driver locomotive?"

He was a queer-looking personage with very loose trousers, a waist, and long hair, such as one sees in old prints. He replied:

"That was me," and wiped from his brow the perspiration and dust of the honest skater.

I remarked, as I dodged the hoof of a St. Louis girl who was here spending the holidays:

"Oh, it was you, was it? Well, I'm mighty glad to know it; because if it had been a two-story house I couldn't have my revenge, as I intend to out of you," and I made for him with fire in my eye and blood in my heart.

But he was a tall fellow, and I thought it would be policy to get some of my friends to help assassinate him; and as I paused he said:

"You are a new skater, ain't you? Well,



you must not mind a little whack like that, and besides, you interrupted my progress just as I was executing my great double sailor-knot act."

"Sail her not into me that way again," said I, and seeing him look wistfully upon an axe which hung there in case of fire, I departed, hanging upon the railing which surrounded the rink as the lover hangs upon the every word of his fair innamorata.

My wounds would not permit me to further extend my researches into the science, and

doffing the rollers, I went into the gallery to watch, and learn by observation what I could not by practice.

In the centre of the hall, surrounded by an admiring throng, was the Professor.

He was circling about, jumping up and down, whirling around many times, tying himself up into intricate hard-knots, untying the same and dashing into the stream of skaters, crippling somebody every trip. Then the long-haired curiosity before referred to would step out and go sailing around with one foot in his mouth, picking up straws and things from the floor. It was very interesting, and my youthful ambition for great things burned within me, and I resolved that when I got well I, too, would do these things, and have all the girls admiring me and the boys envying me.

It may have been ambition, or it may have been something else that burned within me; but I know that a short trip outside to procure a clove and some other little things soon relieved the burning, and I didn't care a blank for the community of skaters, or anybody else. The St. Louis girl had on eight pairs of skates, all trimmed down level and nice, four on a foot, and a trunk-strap around each, and when a small boy got to riding around on one of them, under the impression that it was a hand-car of some kind, she didn't mind it a bit.

In front of me a large man, who was evidently an amateur, fell over a small man who was not an amateur. He was a fancy skater. I sympathized with the large man, and was going down to help him, when both were suddenly hidden from my gaze by about forty people falling over them. I concluded that the large man could take care of himself, and so did not go down. The skaters kept falling over the pile until it was a struggling mass of arms and legs and rollers. Underneath the large man had the other in chancery, and as he pummeled away, the squeeze growing tighter minutely, he faintly murmured: "More sack," and, with a brain full of school-boy remembrances, rapped the fancy man's head upon the floor, and pulled another handful of his auburn locks from their stronghold.

I did not stay to see the termination of the riot, but wended my way home. I was glad I sympathized with the large man. Whenever I see two belligerent persons about to engage, I always take up for the one who seems to me to be the most able-bodied. It is the best plan. NORR.

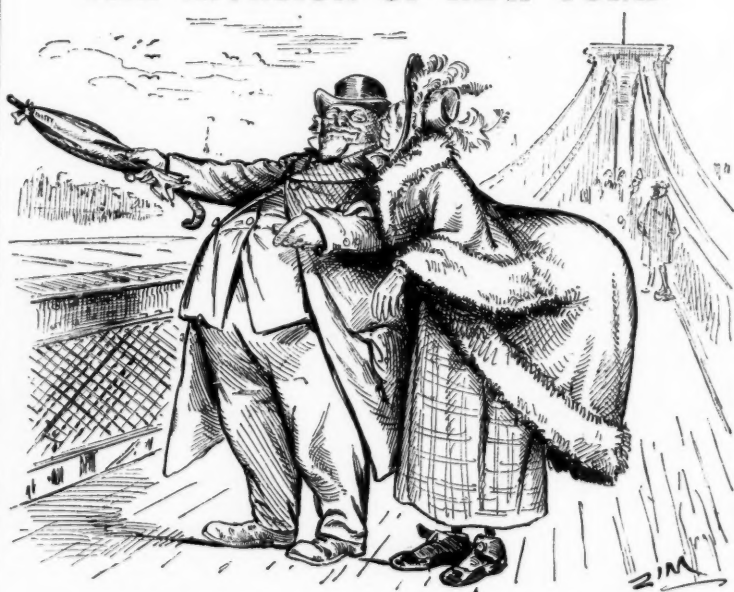
A DENTIST OUGHT to make a good politician. He generally has a pull.

MR. BONNER'S new story is called "Why Did He Wed Her?" She was probably an orphan. That is the most plausible theory, anyway.

THE LIGHT of a petroleum lamp travels 186,700 miles a second. When the cook lights the fire with petroleum it has been known to double that time.

IT IS RUMORED that Mr. Hayes will leave off chicken-raising and learn how to play croquet. This will give Mr. Hayes more of a chance at arithmetic, in which we believe he is singularly proficient.

THE INVASION OF NEW YORK.



"Now, M'riar, we're a-goin' for to show 'em that Brooklyn folks has some style about 'em, well's N' Yorkers. But don't you go for to look triumphant, ol' woman, or they'll b'leve we're puttin' it on, and think 'tain't nacheral."

DOG-STORY—NO. 19.807.

It was a cold, clear, sharp morning in January. The wind swept gaily through the dry black branches of the trees, and sent the snow scurrying along in frolicking eddies. The brook did not cast its purls upon the men who were stamping up and down the platform, because it was frozen as stiff as a stick of candy.

The express-train never waits for any man, but sometimes man has to wait for the express-train. When it is below zero, and the wind is blowing and roaring, the train is generally behind time.

"This is pretty cold weather," said one man, as he commenced dancing a break-down to keep his blood in circulation.

"Yes," said another: "but it's nothing to the cold weather I have seen out West."

This last declaration seemed to rile the Jersey-men, who were jumping and kicking and swinging their hands against their sides to keep warm. They were patriotic, and didn't care to stand by and hear the home cold weather belittled or made light of.

"How cold have you known it out West?" asked several at once.

"Well, now, I have seen it pretty cold, I can tell you. I remember the Winter of '67 pretty well. It was about the bitterest of all the bitter Winters I ever spent. I was out in Michigan then. One morning we opened the back door to let the dog out for a run in the snow. As he jumped off the stoop a neighbor's dog saw him, and, as they were old enemies, they made a frantic rush for each other. When they got in the middle of the field they stood still, each one waiting for the other to make an attack. After they had been standing in a war-like attitude for several minutes, both dogs made up their minds to commence hostilities. Just as they undertook to spring upon each other they found they couldn't move."

"What was the matter?" asked several men, who couldn't let the stranger finish his story in peace.

"What was the matter?" repeated the stranger: "Why, the dogs were frozen stiff, that is all that was the matter; and there they stood, knowing perfectly well that they couldn't move to save themselves. Every bit of each dog was frozen stiff except the intelligence. Each one thought the other might thaw out first and eat him up. The expressions of mingled fear and disgust that lit up their features was heartrending. They would be easy victims for any urchins with evil designs that might come along. Suddenly each made an endeavor to wag his tail, and the two efforts were so great that both tails wagged; but, as they were frozen stiff, they snapped off close to the termini of the owners, and two tails went scurrying across the field. By this time we thought something was the matter, and I went out and learned the state of affairs. I picked both dogs up and returned to the house with them. First we thought we would put them on the hearth-stone, and let them thaw out gradually; but my sister Imogene, who was, withal, a tender-hearted creature, said that a surer and quicker method of alleviating their suffering would be to immerse them in hot water, which would at the same time give them a needed bath. So we filled a wash-tub with hot water and threw the dogs in, and what do you think?"

"What?" asked the entire party, in tones of great interest.

"Why, the dogs broke just as glassware does when put in hot water in cold weather."

"What—cracked like glassware?" they all asked.

"Certainly; just like preserve-dishes or goblets."

"What did you do then?"

"Why, we stuck them right together with

FREDDY'S SLATE

AND HIS LITTLE LETTER TO THE EDITOR.



newyoarkjanuareytwenty

dear puck

we ar out

i mene jim jonson An me

jim jonson has ternd out mene An plade a lodoun tric On me an my fammilly

he is two big four me two gett evin with him butt i am waten my time an i wil hav a terrable revenje

my sisster genny wos marrid lasst weke too her baldeded bo it was a grate ackt four the fammilly

thare wos a genrel regoicin an the frends off the fammilly caim out strong an putt up the presents in good stile

the paipers ced thay wer numerus An eligant an i bleeve them

my sisster gennys baldeded bo lookt At them an ced he coud liv orf them four six munths

jim jonsons fokes gaive nuthen bat won sic litel butternife an wen thay sor The sho thay wer gellus

so thay put jim jonson up two getten evin with us

the waigh he did it Wos mene

wen the gests worked in too the dinen room too cee the presents Lade out on The table thay started bac In attertudes of horror four thair wos a big cine sayen

from the doller store

wen we lookt behine the table thair wos jim jonson a sniggeren

my oled man histed him out an he went fline out off the hous a hed of a broomstic

but the ej wos takin orf the sho i ain nott gone to be frends with jim jonson agen untill i am big enuff two lik him

Yours waten

freddy

p s cen bac my slaight in time four me to giv you a car Toon of the wor that is gone to be begun

glue; the only trouble was that in the hurry we got the wrong heads on the wrong dogs, and I couldn't tell the Eastlake hound from the Queen Anne Spaniel. But they were glued tight, though."

"What kind of glue did you use?"

"I used my great Magic Glue, which I am now selling all over the country. I have a few samples left for twenty-five cents each. It is purely vegetable, and will make a mechanic stick to his trade. I am the sole a—"

But the train came booming along and choked the glue man off.

R. K. MUNKITTRICK.

Now in the morning, when the first faint light
Is followed by the rosy streaks of dawn,
A little snow-bird flutters through the vines
And lights upon my window-sill, and then
Pours softly out to my attending ears:

PUCK'S ANNUAL is out,

PUCK'S ANNUAL is out,

PUCK'S ANNUAL,

PUCK'S ANNUAL,

PUCK'S ANNUAL is out.

Then doth the snow-bird cease and fly away
To tell his story to the folks next door.

Price Twenty-five Cents.

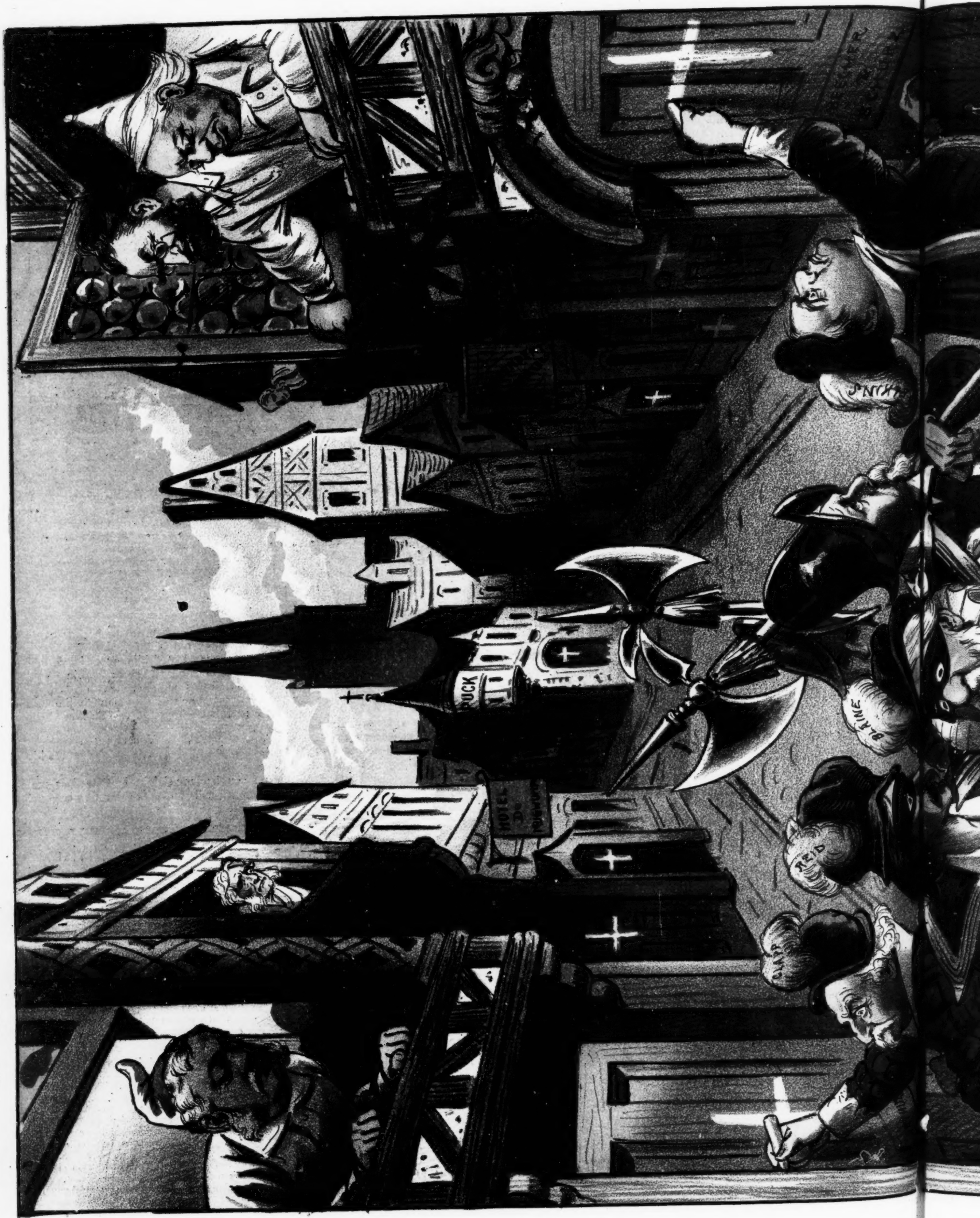
Answers for the Avaricious.

J. LEE.—There is a future for your poems—in the form of paper-collars.

HARRY JIM.—We can't print your "International Coincidence." This blood-and-thunder style of story will not do for a realistic age. If you could trim down some of the murders and take the incendiary element out, we might look at it again.

INQUIRER.—No, dear boy, we don't give charts and directories with our cartoons. That's half the fun of them. Anyone who wants variety in his monotonous life can sit up at night and try to guess what they mean. And a man who doesn't know General Grant's face when he sees it ought to have no end of amusement before him.

AMELIA ANDERSON.—Prejudice against female poets? Oh, ho, bless your soul, not a bit of it! Why, Amelia, we like 'em: We welcome them. They are a ray of pure joy in our sunless life. Far back in our bright young years, Amelia, ere Life's golden orb had declined from the zenith of hope and ambition, we were jilted by a girl—jilted, jilted, Amelia, dropped like a cold potato from a tramp's hand when the door is closed upon him. And ever since, when we come across a female poet, Amelia, we feel that she is avenging us on the sex. Oh, no, we have nothing against the female poet, Amelia. But she is making womankind pretty powerful unpopular throughout the world, dear girl; don't you make any mistake about that.



THE AMATEUR COWBOY.

[XXVII.]



COWBOYS are born, not made. Some men are born cowboys, some acquire cowboys, and others have cowboys thrust upon them; but the genuine genus is born to bestride the barbarous pinto in pursuit of the fleet-footed Maverick. History is replete with instances where men from other walks of life have sought to become cowboys, and failed. The shores of Time are white with their bleaching clavicles. They did not have the afflatus. They were not *en rapport* with the Texas steer. They thought that to be a cowboy they only needed to let their hair grow long and tie it with a blue ribbon at the back.

The gentle reader may not believe it, but I saw an amateur cowboy land in the far West whose long and waving hair was tied with a knot of pale-blue ribbon, and who wore a new suit of buck-skin that had never been wet.

A meeting of "Kavveyard No. 2" was at once called to take action in the matter of entertaining the new and beautifully picturesque terror. In calling the meeting to order, the Most Exemplary Bedouin of the Corral stated that there was an apprentice at the outer gate of the Corral who desired to become a free working Knight of the Quirt.

A programme was then arranged by which the young man was to be entertained and fully-instructed in the signs of distress, grand hailing signs, grips, pass-words, explanations and signals of the order.

The name of the apprentice was Claude. Anybody would almost know that to look at him. He wanted the pure air of the plains to fan his brow, he said, and fill him with vigor. He wanted to learn how to rope a steer and conquer him, and make him subservient. The gentlemen of the "Kavveyard" said that his morbid curiosity should be gratified.

First, however, he must wet the new buck-skin clothes. They went into a gilded hell, and drank a great deal of common cooking whiskey at Claude's expense. Then they took him to an irrigation ditch and

saturated him with moisture. After that, under the auspices of "Kavveyard No. 2," he was kept out in the hot sun till his buck-skin clothes began to dry and shrink.

Slowly as the sun rose higher, Claude's pantaloons proceeded to ditto. He began to attract attention. With his hair looped back and festooned with a pale-blue ribbon with grease on it, and a suit of buck-skin that was getting so tight that it might crack down the back at any moment, people began to gather around him and express an interest in him. Boys stopped in crowds to ask where it came from, and business men halted and said it was queer what funny things we could run across when we didn't have a gun.

Finally they took Claude out to the stock-yards to "rope a steer." They didn't dare to turn him in with a real sure enough wild steer, but borrowed one of a man who kept wild steers to let on such occasions.

Claude chased the ferocious brute around the yard nearly all day before he threw his lariat so as to catch on. The loop went over the steer's neck, but unfortunately the fierce young solitary horseman got his own neck tangled up in the other end of the string. Those who know the habits of the steer, even when domesticated, will remember that it takes a man with a very muscular neck to outjerk him when he is in good spirits.

This steer jerked Claude head first across the arena, the ambling steed bringing up the rear. It was an exciting scene. The steer had one end of the lariat, the horse the other, and Claude was suspended between them in the hands of his friends.

Sometimes the steer would jerk, and then the horse would retaliate. Then they would allow Claude to get his breath, and the exercises would be renewed. Finally the Secretary of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Texas Steers came in and cut the lariat.

Claude went home in a few days after this episode, wearing a look of chastened disappointment and human clothes.

At the Academy of Design at Cheyenne there may be seen a shrunken and emaciated suit of buck-skin clothes with short sleeves and Knickerbocker pantaloons, also a soiled knot of blue ribbon. They are mementos of Claude.

BILL NYE.



F. Oppen

—Got his own neck tangled up in the other end of the string.—

FROM THE FARM.

Bang! bang! bang!

Several more bangs.

"What can that be?" murmured a fair woman, over whose life some twenty summers or more had lightly passed.

"It is the expressman mashing the walls and balusters with the barrel from your father's old farm. It was meant as a surprise to you, and that is the reason you knew nothing about it before," replied her husband.

And the expressman lumbered in with the barrel from Tecumseh, Mich., and laid it down on the floor as hard as he could.

After he had gone, the happy woman was busy trying to open the barrel with a stove-lifter and a pair of scissors.

After she had broken the points off the scissors, and filled her hand with splinters enough

to start a match-factory, she stood aside and allowed her husband to open it with a hatchet.

And then she took out apples from the trees under whose waving branches she walked when she was an unhappy school-girl, and there was butter made out of the cows to whom she once tossed the damaged squashes. There was the pop-corn grown out in the little patch behind the house under the pear-tree by the well. And there was a great generous slab of Johnny-cake made by Aunt Huld, and a couple of mince-pies as large as car-wheels and twice as sweet, and a lot of linked sausage long drawn out, made of the old Dominick pigs.

And when they were all placed on the table, she looked at them tenderly and thought of home. But her husband didn't. He simply said:

"This makes me sick."

"Why so, Algernon?" she sighed.

"Why, because I've paid about four dollars and a half express charges, and it will cost several dollars to have the wall and stairs fixed. It will cost a lot more to make a suitable return for the remembrance, and I could go right down to the market and duplicate the whole business for two or three dollars."

And she hurled her feathers up against the grain, said he was nothing but a heartless old wretch, and swept haughtily from the room.

SOLOMON, OR C. A. Dana's cat, or some other wise person, once made a remark to the effect that a pitcher which goes too often to the well will be broken. If the hired-girl carries the pitcher, it will never arrive at the well.

THE TOURIST'S GUIDE—The Bunco-Steerer.

FOREIGN NEWS.

[By Streak Lightning to PUCK.]

ANARCHY AVERTED.

London, January 8th.—A terrible plot, involving the destruction of the House of Lords, the London Bridge, and the Baroness Burdett-Coutts, was unearthed by the detectives this morning. A barrel of American pickled oysters, well known to be most destructive to life, was discovered by Mr. Gladstone, at twenty-three minutes after one last evening, in the ante-room of the Lords, where he was listening to Lord Granville's oration calling for an adjournment until this evening. Mr. Gladstone states that a red-pepper fuse ten inches long was sticking in the bung when the barrel was discovered, making it evident that preparations for the destruction of all in the House had been completed with a nicety of detail that was appalling.

It may be regarded as most fortunate that the Premier did not happen to step on the fuse; for, had he done so, the result, whatever else it might have been, would undoubtedly have been inevitable.

If London was shaken to her very foundations by this discovery, the shake was intensified when, a few hours later, it was noised abroad that a Limburger cheese had been discovered in a valise of undoubted American make beneath the pins of the London Bridge. Close at hand, in dangerous proximity, was a bottle of table-sauce, with a piece of blue twine tied to it, the twine running along ten feet to a watch of the Waterbury movement set for 12 M.

Fortunately the discovery was made before that hour; but had the boys—who found these appliances—come thirteen minutes later, the Bridge would have been a thing of the past.

These two discoveries have thrown the Peers of the Realm into consternation. Lord Darnit Woolysley has been recalled from the Soudan, in order to advise with the government in the matter. Until his arrival—which is expected by August—business must come to a standstill. The Queen has telegraphed Mr. Gladstone to raise the tariff on watches, pickled oysters, and twine of American make.

Hon. Silly-Silly Cholmondeley Biggs, M. P., Q. C., Knight of the Free Baths and Baggage-Checker to the Queen, in an interview with the *Times* reporter, states that in his opinion President Arthur and Mr. John Kelly, two very well known American Anarchists, are at the bottom of this plot, as it is well known that Mr. Arthur aspires to be Queen of England, and that to further his interests he has offered the office of Prince of Wales, with all its Colonelcies and other accoutrements, to Mr. Kelly, in consideration of his coöperation. The Hon. Mr. Biggs, M. P., Q. C., E. T. C., goes on further to state that he is happy to say that Americans generally are not in sympathy with these brutal machinations, and that he has the distinguished assurance of his New York friend, Mr. Spinola, a leading American statesman and authority on the different phases of cholera, that prompt reparation will be made by the citizens of his country for

every offense which can be directly traced to United States citizens.

The attack on the Baroness Burdett-Coutts was even more cowardly than the other two. A copy of the *New York Tribune*, renowned as a destroyer of life, limb and happiness, was sent to the distinguished lady, and before her husband, Mr. Baron Burdett-Coutts, could intervene, she had opened it. A moment later she lay in a swoon; but, her physician not being within call, she speedily recovered. Had her physician been within reach, there can be no reasonable doubt that Mrs. Coutts would have succumbed to the fell purpose of the conspiring fiends.

The discovery of all these things by the officers of justice is the admiration of London. Messrs. Snooks & Longnose knew of it within two hours after its detailed publication in the *Daily Telegraph*, while the celebrated French Detective, M. LeRoq, now employed at Scotland Yard, had discovered forty-three clues and a green cotton umbrella before luncheon.

JOHN KENDRICK.

SHORTHAND—A Bob-tail Flush.

THE FIGURE-FOUR TRAP—4, 11, 44.

THE BUZZ-SAW has an off-hand manner.

PUCK TEARS rejected articles in tatters,
And thus the authors' hopes he rudely shatters.

FOUR ACES.

Now.

To-day I'm a penniless outcast,
With the sorrows that poverty brings

THEN.

I grieve in my sad retrospection
That yesterday I sat down with kings.
WILL J. LAMPTON.

A TALE OF CRIME.

In Two Parts.—Part First.

CHAPTER I.

CARED FOR AT LAST.

A poor homeless wanderer of New York was Punch Pearce. Had he been found dead in the street, a line in a newspaper would have told his story. A jury would have determined whether he had died of starvation or of exposure. He would have been taken to Hart's Island and thrown into a ditch.

But he killed a man.

From the day of his crime he had a regular lodging-house, a neat bed and warm meals. He no longer went hungry, no longer slept in the rain. Little comforts which he had never before known were now daily his. The Tombs to most prisoners is four awful walls; to him it was four walls and a roof.

For the first time in his life he had leisure. He learned to write and to spell. He practised free-hand drawing. He painted what the people in the Tombs pronounced very good water-color portraits of two of the turnkeys. The prison became a college to him.

Before his incarceration he had scarcely ever gone out of the Sixth Ward. Now, with books of travel in his cell, he voyaged about the world with Captain Cook, sought the Fountain of Perpetual Youth with the Spanish Adventurers, and dwelt with Robinson Crusoe in the Summer Island. The four walls of the prison opened the whole wide world to him.

CHAPTER II.

A NEW HAPPINESS.

If Mr. Punch Pearce's imprisonment had thus far been a holiday period in his existence, it now obtained a new felicity. He was sentenced to be hanged. The moment he became a condemned man, he touched every one with profound pity and interest. He was given a more comfortable cell, and was treated with

marked deference by the deputy-sheriffs who watched him. The most distinguished philanthropists paid him visits, and he received calls from fashionable clergymen.

People sent him flowers and pictures and books. Charming ladies graced his cell with their gentle presence. Strangers requested his autograph. Everything which might gratify his pride now daily ministered to it.

In his street days a bone-gatherer or even a rag-picker would not have spoken to him. The Sheriff's wife sent him his dinner from her own table. The Warden's wife cooked his breakfast for him with her own hands. Every delicacy and luxury was at his command. He lived like a *bon vivant* at Dubois's.

At eight o'clock in the morning coffee was served to him in bed. About an hour later he arose and ate a game breakfast. After breakfast he received flowers, or strolled along the corridor in his dressing-gown, smoking a cigar. From eleven till three he received callers, among whom were some of the most distinguished theologians in the city.

At the close of his levee

NOBILITY AT A DISADVANTAGE.



STOLID PROPRIETOR of German Restaurant, to NEW WAITER.—“Dot letter fer you, eh? You was der Baron von Schinkelberg?”
NEW WAITER, meekly.—“Yes, Mein Herr.”
STOLID PROPRIETOR.—“Den you wasn't no reckular waiter, eh? Vell, I dake a dollar a week off your vages.”

he partook of a light lunch, after which he signed autographs for an hour, or read a popular novel. At seven o'clock he sat down to an elaborate dinner. When the cloth was removed, he lighted a Havana cigar, and chatted half an hour with the "death-watch." He always wore a smile, and was the most cheerful and happy man in the prison. If there was any fault to be found with him, it was that he laughed too heartily at the jokes of the "death-watch."

CHAPTER III.

THE SHADOW ON MR. PUNCH PEARCE'S HAPPINESS.

Mr. Punch Pearce contrasted the comfort of the Tombs with the cold of the street, the luxurious fare with a crust of bread on a doorstep, the marked deference and respect shown him with his familiar experience of being thrust out of doors, the visits of distinguished clergymen and philanthropists with the old hauteur of rag-pickers and bone-gatherers.

All that he knew of books, of meditation, of æsthetic study, of polite society and of travel, he had learned in the prison. All that he knew of misery and suffering he had found in the streets. As he looked back with horror upon his old life, an awful forboding came to his mind.

He was afraid that the Governor would pardon him!

With nervous dread he heard footsteps approaching in the Tombs. When a messenger entered, he stood still and trembled. Sometimes, in the night, a cruel, merciless image would rise before him—holding a reprieve in its hand. Often he would dream that the Governor had pardoned him, and then he would awaken with a cry of agony, and would be glad to find that it was a nightmare!

CHAPTER IV.

MR. PUNCH PEARCE'S APPREHENSIONS ARE PLEASANTLY REMOVED.

Pleasantly and even delightfully passed the last days of Mr. Punch Pearce's retirement in the Tombs. One sunny morning, when the swallows were flying across his window, he heard a jocund sound in the prison-yard. A man was whistling outside. He listened: "Click, click." It was the gallows-maker. He was building a gallows.

A buoyant and happy smile lighted Mr. Punch Pearce's face. He stepped out of his cell without fear of being confronted by a pardon.

The gallows went up very rapidly, and by evening it was done. Punch Pearce, who had been in remarkably high spirits all day, climbed up and looked out of his cell-window, and saw it—handsome and bright and new!

CHAPTER V.

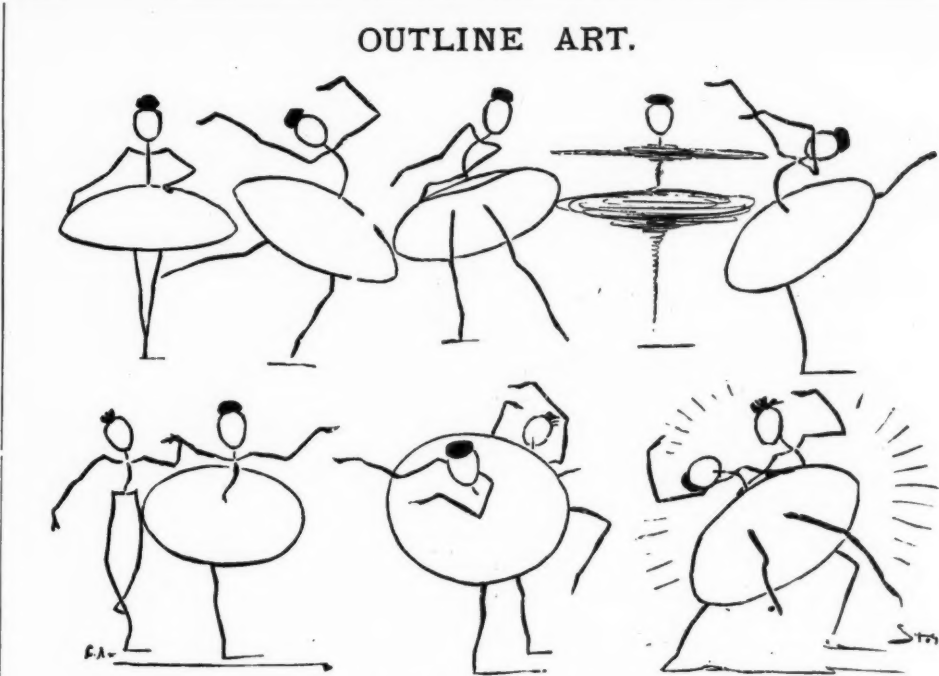
MR. PUNCH PEARCE'S OVATION.

Mr. Punch Pearce rose rather early on a certain morning mentioned in a legal document held by the Sheriff, and fell to admiring his black clothes, a new suit of fine material and excellent cut. He put them on. They were a snug fit, though the coat was a little large in the back. But Mr. Punch Pearce had no time to have any alterations made in it. He had now to go into the prison-yard to try on a new cravat.

He had made his peace with the next world, having been converted by one of the most distinguished clergymen in the city.

Surrounded by a small coterie of Tombs officials, he walked with an elastic step through the corridor and out of the prison door.

Sixty or seventy gentlemen faultlessly attired, deputy-sheriffs of New York, took off their hats to him as he appeared, and remained standing with their heads bared. Twenty gentlemen from the leading newspapers of New York—



A SKETCHER'S SLAP AT THE DIVINE BALLET

—From the German.

representatives of the metropolitan press—also took off their hats to him, and remained with their heads, too, uncovered. For a moment Mr. Punch Pearce was overcome by the magnificence of his reception.

Bowing right and left, and gracefully waving his hand, his face wreathed in smiles, he walked lightly to the gallows.

He stood under the noose and looked about. Before him was the Sheriff of the great City of New York—the Sheriff of 1,500,000 people—with his hat off to him. It was the proudest moment of Punch Pearce's life.

[To be concluded.]

SPREADING THE "BROOKLYN EAGLE."

It is now currently reported and quite generally believed that at his death Methusalem left all his property to his grandmother, who was a ballet-girl.

A baobab-tree will live five thousand years if it has a chance. However, you need not plant one just for the sake of the experiment; because in this country, long before the baobab-tree was half that old, it would be cut down to make way for a railroad, and you'd be just heart-broken with disappointment.

As you wander up and down the land you observe at the stations the smaller the town the bigger the name. The poorest, most distressed, hungriest-looking passengers always get off at the smallest, forlornest towns with the biggest names. Now there is a man just got off at Canton City. He got on at Liverpool City. He didn't have enough coat to sew buttons to. His trousers were made of gunny-bags, with patches of tarpaulin and shreds of flannel, and his hat wasn't made at all. It was something that grows wild somewhere in the dark. And the city is usually on a par with the man. Now there is London City, that we just passed. It is a compilation of cabins and shanties, with one grocery with a dash-board front, where the natives in the evenings hold their mouths open and say "Hey" when any one ventures a remark relative to the price of hogs. It is the wild, ungovernable ambition of every wretched little hamlet about the size of a piano-box, stood down in a desolate swamp or treeless flat, to choose for itself some high-sounding name, and then tack "city" on to it. So it

is that we have Boston, New York, Brooklyn and Chicago. That is all very well; but when you take a trip on the Lost Creek narrow gauge, you find Metropolis City, Berlin City, Edinburgh City, Vienna City. Not a single plain monosyllable town on the line, and not a city that can raise one hundred people to go to the circus. Still such is the way of man. I do not feel harshly toward these cities because I feel that I am one of them; for I abandon my home eight months in the year to lecture on "Home," and the rest of the time I lecture on the "Moustache," while I haven't hair enough on my lip to tickle my nose. I close this epistle to listen to the music. The man behind me is whistling against the edge of a card a vague, dreamy, far-away tune that nobody ever heard and he doesn't know.

—Robt. J. Burdette.

A PROCESS has recently been discovered by which natural flowers of all descriptions can be preserved for years. A process that would preserve the "rose-buds" of society and make them retain their fresh and youthful appearance for years would be a much more valuable discovery.—Norristown Herald.

Lundborg's Perfume, Edenia.
Lundborg's Perfume, Maréchal Niel Rose.
Lundborg's Perfume, Alpine Violet.
Lundborg's Perfume, Lily of the Valley.

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When Baby was sick, we gave her CASTORIA.
When she was a Child, she cried for CASTORIA.
When she became Miss, she clung to CASTORIA.
When she had Children, she gave them CASTORIA.

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An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper,

W. A. NOYES, 149 Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.

Numbers 3, 4, 5, 6, 9, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 19, 21, 22, 24, 25, 27, 29, 32, 33, 34, 37, 38, 41, 47, 48, 50, 53, 54, 56, 77, 79, 82, 87, 88, 131 and 154 of English Puck will be bought at this office at 10 cents, and numbers 10 and 26 at 50 cents per copy.

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It will aid where re-

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It will **STIMULATE**

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HARM.

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WILL DO GOOD IN

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FIRST MANUFACTURER: "I hear that you are going to start your woolen-mills again. It can't be true, is it?"

Second Manufacturer: "Indeed it is. I expect to run them night and day right along."

"Whew! You must have got some big orders?"

"Well, no; not that, exactly. But there is going to be an enormous demand for woolen fabrics, and I want to be prepared."

"You don't say so! Why, on what do you base your belief?"

"Ear-muffs have become popular in St. Louis."—*Philadelphia Call.*

A WRITER in a scientific magazine says the Pandion haliaetus carolinensis may be expected late in March, the Hirundo erythrogastra horreorum on April 25th, and the Pipilo erythrophthalmus about May 1st. This, by-the-way, is the time we expected them to put in an appearance—and we shall be disappointed if they do not.—*Norristown Herald.*

WHEN you hear a young lady, who has been invited to perform on the piano, say: "Oh, I don't know how to play at all," and then begin a musical cyclone, you can generally make up your mind that she thinks she knows it all.—*Boston Post.*

PHYSICIANS and Druggists recommend Brown's Iron Bitters as the Best Tonic. Combining Iron with pure vegetable tonics, it quickly and completely cures Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Weakness, Impure Blood, Malaria, Chills and Fevers & Neuralgia. An unfailing remedy for Diseases of the Kidneys and Liver. Invaluable for Diseases peculiar to Women, and all who lead sedentary lives. Enriches and purifies the blood, stimulates the appetite, relieves Heartburn, strengthens the muscles & nerves, aids the assimilation of food, and does not injure the teeth, cause headache or produce constipation; all other Iron medicines do. Genuine has



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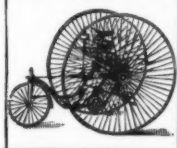
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BAD BLOOD, SCROFULOUS, Inherited and Contagious Humors, with Loss of Hair, Glandular Swellings, Ulcerous Patches in the Throat and Mouth, Abscesses, Tumors, Carbuncles, Blotches, Sores, Scurs, Wasting of the Kidneys and Urinary Organs, Dropsy, Enemia, Debility, Chronic Rheumatism, Constipation and Piles, and most diseases arising from an Impure or Impoverished Condition of the Blood, are speedily cured by the CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new Blood Purifier, internally, assisted by CUTICURA, the great Skin Cure, and CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite Skin Beautifier, externally. CUTICURA RESOLVENT is the only blood purifier that forever eradicates the virus of Inherited and Contagious Blood Poisons.

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"PRISONER," said Prosecutor Buxton: "you are charged with gambling."

"Gambling? What is gambling?"

"Playing cards for money."

"But I did not play cards for money, I played for chips."

"Well, you got money for chips at the end of the game, didn't you?"

"No; I didn't have any chips at the end of the game."

The testimony being all in, Buxton moved, and Judge Hutchins agreed, that the case be nolle. — *Cleveland Herald.*

ALL of New York's great law-breakers do not succeed in escaping to Canada. On Thursday night a man was arrested in a New York theatre for wearing false whiskers. He was taken from beside a lady who accompanied him, and locked up over night and fined five dollars next morning. If there were any ladies in the theatre who wore false hair they escaped arrest. — *Norristown Herald.*

A PITCHED BATTLE—A base-ball game.— *Boston Post.*

The great superiority of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup to all other cough remedies is attested by the immense popular demand for that old established remedy. Price 25 cents a bottle.

The action of Carter's Little Liver Pills is pleasant, mild and natural. They gently stimulate the liver, and regulate the bowels, but do not purge. They are sure to please.

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The Brown Chemical Co., Baltimore, Md., the owners of the celebrated Brown's Iron Bitters, have just issued a beautiful *Hand Book* and *Almanac* for ladies, and a complete and useful *Memorandum Book* for men. These publications are attractive, containing a great many valuable and interesting things. They are furnished free of charge by druggists and country store keepers, but should they not have them the Brown Chemical Co. will send either book on receipt of a two cent stamp to pay postage.

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which renders the teeth pearly white, the gums rosy, and the breath sweet. By those who have used it, it is regarded as an indispensable adjunct of the toilet. It thoroughly removes tartar from the teeth, without injuring the enamel.

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Loss and Gain.

CHAPTER I.

"I was taken sick a year ago
With bilious fever."

"My doctor pronounced me cured, but I got sick again, with terrible pains in my back and sides and I got so bad I could not move!
I shrunk!
From 228 lbs. to 120! I had been doctoring for my liver, but it did me no good. I did not expect to live more than three months. I began to use Hop Bitters. Directly my appetite returned, my pains left me, my entire system seemed renewed as if by magic, and after using several bottles I am not only as sound as a sovereign but weigh more than I did before. To Hop Bitters I owe my life."

Dublin, June 6, '81. R. FITZPATRICK.
How to GET SICK.—Expose yourself day and night; eat too much without exercise; work too hard without rest; doctor all the time; take all the vile nostrums advertised, and then you will want to know how to get well, which is answered in three words—Take Hop Bitters!

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Art Culture for the People.

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THE ARTIST AND HIS PALETTE. By H. C. Standage.

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THE ART JOURNAL is admirably adapted at once to cultivate and to gratify the aesthetic faculty. Fine in conception, choice in execution, its illustrations and its illustrated essays offer pleasure and profit to eye and mind.

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I have a positive remedy for the above disease, by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed, so strong is my faith in its efficacy that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, together with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease, to any sufferer. Give express & P. O. address. DR. T. A. SLOCUM, 121 Pearl St. N. Y.

THE PROPER COURSE.

[BY A CONCORD PHILOSOPHER.]

I have not kept the vows I made last year;
Still, still I feel I'm held in Folly's thrall;
But shall I drop a sad, regretful tear
O'er time misspent! Can I the past recall?

Now shall I to the future turn my gaze,
The course pursued by many other men,
Who wait for better times in coming days,
Put by the Now and wait until the Then.

No; seriously, the course I must pursue
Is this, to grasp the Present, not the Near;
I must not standing wait for the To Do,
But give the virtues mastery in the Here.

—Boston Courier.

It seems to me this Winter is rather more hitherto and soulfully beyond than was its predecessor of one bright year ago. It lacks snow. There is a fleshly utterness about the snow that we are getting this Winter that reminds you of the mud on an Iowa farm during the balmy days of April, when the whole prairie-land is a vast mortar-bed. Rude and loud-sounding boys cannot mould the snow of this Winter into balls and fire them at one's willow form; but a man can slip up and fall down in it, and there is the last end of that man worse than all other ends. Woe is me, Alhama, or words to that effect, for this earthly dross that is palmed off upon us for snow this year seems to cling and dry slowly like shoe-maker's wax. I have been down once myself this year, and it took me thirty-eight miles to dry, standing before the stove in the crowded car, and trying to twist my head over my shoulder to look all the way from the back of my neck to my heels, in one comprehensive glance. —Brooklyn Eagle.

Blair's Pills.—Great English Gout and Rheumatic Remedy. Oval box, \$1; round, 50 cents. At all druggists.

CATARRH, BRONCHITIS, ASTHMA.

And all Lung Troubles can be cured by the Pillow-Inhaler. No stomach dosing, snuffing or douching. A radical and permanent cure. Send for pamphlet and testimonials. THE PILLOW-INHALER CO., 1520 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa., or to 25 East 14th St., New York.

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TOYS, FIREWORKS,

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